

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
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And Publishers of the Laws, &c., of the United
States, by authority.

TERMS.

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THE SOLDIER'S SON:

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt
find it after many days."

"Shall I take your baggage, sir?" said an
intelligent looking boy to a traveler, who
had just arrived at one of the principal
hotels in Louisville.

"My servant takes charge of it, replied
the gentleman; but struck with the pecu-
liar interest of his countenance, as the
boy retired, he flung him a piece of mon-
ey. The boy looked at him with hesita-
tion, and his pale cheek reddened to crim-
son. Picking it up at length, he approached
the traveler with an air of embarrass-
ment—

"Excuse me, sir, I sought employment,
not alms."

"True, my little son," said the gentleman
laughing, "but you surely will not return
so small a trifle on my hands."

The boy stood for a moment in silence.
His young spirit evidently recoiled from the
idea of appropriating the humiliating
gift, and he remained twirling it in his fin-
gers. There was an expression of mingled
haughtiness and gratitude in his manly
features, and his slender form assumed all
the irregular attitudes of indecision. At
this moment a beggar approached, and his
countenance brightened.

"Permit me," said he, bowing gracefully
to the traveler, "permit me to transfer
your bounty." And presenting the coin to
the humble mendicant, he instantly disap-
peared.

The little incident made a strong impres-
sion on the mind of the stranger; and two
days afterward he distinguished the elastic
figure of the boy amongst a group of
laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he
immediately approached him.

"May I seek your name, my young ac-
quaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kin-
dness.

"Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and
he still continued to ply the instrument
of labor with increasing diligence.

Our traveler, whose name was Courtney,
looked at him with interest. The extreme
beauty of his countenance, its marked ex-
pression of high and noble feeling, strongly
contrasted with the coarseness of his
dress and rudeness of his employment.

"Have you no parents?" inquired Mr.
Courtney.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn-out soldier, sir, of the rev-
olution." And the boy applied himself to
his task with an intensity that seemed in-
tended to prevent any further interroga-
tion. The tenacious stranger, however,
was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed
and miserable looking dwelling. Mr.
Courtney sighed. A keen November blast,
which at the moment whistled around him,
told him the inadequacy of such a shelter.
"A soldier?" he mentally exclaimed; "and
perhaps his blood has been shed to secure
the rights of those who now revel in lux-
ury."

A few hours afterward he knocked at
the door of the shattered habitation. If
an interest in the father had been already
awakened by the son, it was at once con-
firmed by the appearance of the old man
now before him. He had raised his head
slowly from his staff on which he was
leaning at the entrance of the stranger,
and discovered a countenance where the
lines of sorrow and suffering were dis-
tinctly traced. Still there was something
in his high though furrowed brow, that
told his affinity with the proud Alvah.
And the ravages of infirmity had not al-
together robbed his wasted form of the dig-
nity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a
stranger?" said Mr. Courtney, "I have been
led hither merely to chat an hour with a
revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of
darkness must be welcome," said the old
man; and Mr. Courtney now perceived
that he was utterly blind. The events of
the revolution afforded an easy clue to
conversation, and they chatted without ef-
fort.

"I would," said Mr. Courtney, "that every
one who assisted in our glorious struggle
might individually share the prosperity it
has conferred on our nation. I fear, how-
ever, that there are many whose blood has
even cemented the proud fabric of our
independence, who are themselves left in
want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man; "the decayed

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 2.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1841.

No. 34.

soldier, whose strength was wasted in
the conflict, has but little for himself at
home. But I trust his posterity will reap
the harvest he has sown.

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtney,
"worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth,
called Alvah, your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He
alone, the child of my old age, has been
spared to save me from public depend-
ence."

"Have you long been deprived of sight?"
asked Mr. Courtney.

"Only two years."

"And during that period have you had
no resource but the labor of your son?"

"None—but the wants of a soldier are
few, and the filial piety of my boy renders
him cheerful under every privation that
affects only himself. He labors incessantly,
and I have no regret but that of seeing
him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Courtney with en-
thusiasm, "I would I could place him in a
sphere more suited to his worth. With
the advantages of education he would be-
come an ornament to society. But this
under your peculiar circumstances he can-
not have even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning," said the
old man, "he must have been utterly des-
tute. There were days, when he could
not labor; and as these were invariably de-
voted to study he has gradually acquired
its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself inter-
rupted the conversation. He had brought
some little delicacies for his father, the
avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr.
Courtney, "of making some arrangements,
with the approbation of your father, for
your future establishment. I grieve to see
a boy of promise thus losing the spring-
time of life."

"You forget, sir," said Alvah, respectfully
bowing, "that I can accept no proposal that
would separate me from my father, however
advantageous."

"Certainly not in his present situation;
but I have friends here, who will readily
assist me in making a suitable provision
for his support and you may then be put
to business that will secure you a future com-
petence."

"Impossible, sir. My father can have no
claims like those on his son. 'Tis but a
short time since my weakness required his
support, and shall I now transfer the du-
ties of filial gratitude to the hand of char-
ity?"

Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your
proffered kindness," continued the boy,
while his dark eyes swam in tears, and
every trace of pride suddenly gave place
to the liveliest expression of gratitude. "I
feel most deeply your solicitude for my
interest, but indeed, sir, I am perfectly
happy in my present condition. My father,
too, is satisfied with the slender provision
which my labor affords, and should it here-
after become insufficient I will not scruple
to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Courtney was affected. The sol-
dier again leaned his head over his staff,
and was probably invoking blessings on
the head of his son. A storm had commenced,
and the sleet was even then dripping through
the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to de-
part.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without
rendering you any service? Will you not
accept—?" and he put his hand into his pocket.
But Alvah drew back with an expres-
sion that answered the unfinished sentence.

The old man gave his hand with an air
of benignity. "Accept my thanks, sir, and
suffer me to inquire the name of him who
has thus sought the dwelling of poverty?"

The stranger gave his name and address,
and receiving a promise that they would
seek him in future need, reluctantly left
him. Mr. Courtney was a man of feeling,
but he was also a man of pleasure; and
with the votaries of dissipation the soft
and holy whisperings of benevolence are
too often lost in more seductive strains.
The dignified submission of the father,
the proud humility of the son, preferring
the most servile labor to the shadow of
dependence; his deep but quiet tenderness
for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect
exemption from selfish feeling, all were
vividly impressed on their visitor. If inter-
course with the good influences of even
cold and torpid hearts, that influence must
be strong indeed on the soul of feeling.
For a little time the pageantry of the world
lost its power on the gay Courtney, and
all the haunts of pleasure were forgotten.
He shuddered as he contrasted the eleganc-
ies that surrounded him with the destitu-
tion he had witnessed. The straw pallet
of age and infirmity, the picture that mem-
ory drew seemed even yet more vivid than
the reality.

The following day Mr. Courtney had
left the city, but a blank cover enclosing
two hundred dollars, had been placed by
an unknown hand in that of the old soldier.
Years passed away, and the glow of
unearthly pleasure that the traveler then
experienced was gradually forgotten. The
blandishments of pleasure resumed their
wonted influence. Her glittering ways
hurried him onward without the power of
reflection, and if a momentary wish would
have led him to enquire the future fate
of Alvah Hamilton, the bright phantasma
that surrounded him diverted him from his
purpose. Death had deprived him of an
amiable wife, whose influence might have
won him from the sphere of illusion; and
his only child, early accustomed to the
rounds of fashionable pursuits thought not
of opposing them. The exalted sentiments,
however, which even in childhood he had

imbibed from her mother, preserved her
from that contaminating influence; and
amid the blights of a world, the purity
of her character remained stainless as the
snows of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle
as the reed of summer she yielded to the
impulse of those with whom her lot was
cast, but her mind supported by high and
frequent communion with the memory of
her sainted mother, escaped the thralldom
which habit might otherwise have secured.
At the age of fifteen she accompanied an
invalid friend to the medical Springs of
Harrodsburg. This village at that time
was a place of fashionable resort, and to
a mind like that of Isabel Courtney, af-
forded themes of limitless reflection. The
buoyancy of health was here contrasted
with the languor of disease, the hectic of
death with the laugh of revelry; palpable
images of immortality mingled with the
votaries of pleasure, the listless who strove
to annihilate time, and the dying who
sought to add yet a few more days to those
they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she
was one day struck on entering the com-
mon sitting room by an old man, who sat
alone, and apparently unnoticed. His
sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the
white locks that were thinly scattered
over his pallid features, all at once riveted
her attention. Her heart throbbled with
pity, but reverence mingled with compas-
sion as she marked the settled and placid
expression of his countenance. At no
great distance a group of ladies were in-
dulging in a burst of merriment, which at
this in moment struck most discordantly on
her heart. She felt that the presence of
unfortunate age should at least inspire re-
spect, and involuntarily approaching the
unheeded old man, she was half resolved
to address him. Her natural timidity how-
ever withheld her, until she was at length
called by one of the gay group to partake
of some strawberries. The irresolute ex-
pression of his countenance at once
changed to that of pleasure.

"I will beg some," she said, unhesitatingly
presenting her work-basket, "for this old
gentleman;" and she then approached him
without embarrassment. "Will you accept
some strawberries, sir?"

The voice of Isabel was like the low,
dying tones of an instrument—it touched
every chord of the soul. The old man
received them with a smile that spoke ben-
ediction; while an elegant though youthful
stranger stood reading a newspaper with
his back towards them, suddenly turned
round and fixed his eyes on the blushing
girl with mingled admiration and surprise.
She instinctively retreated and joined the
group she had hitherto shunned, mingling
in their trifling.

Soon after the youth himself approached
with her basket. Presenting it with a look
of indelible import, he said, "Accept
Miss, the thanks and blessings of age for
your delicate attention." He then disap-
peared. In a short time he returned and
addressed the old man in a tone of respect
and tenderness: "I have at length found
more quiet lodging, sir, and will attend you
whenever you feel able to walk." The old
man rose, and leaning on the arm of the
youth, they left the apartment.

"They are to be temporary sojourners in
the village," thought Isabel, and a sensation
of pleasure, of which she was perhaps un-
conscious, arose from the idea of again
meeting them.

They met the next morning at the spring,
and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kin-
dred spirits—who shall trace the intricate
and delicate sources of that mysterious
passion, which sweeps like a torrent over
the human soul? Scarcely a word had
passed between the youthful strangers;
they knew nothing of each other, beyond
the limits of a few short days; yet the
years that preceded had become to them
as a tedious dream—their present was their
all of existence—and resembled the reno-
vated life of the Chrysalis, when it sails
on new wings, through the summer air."

As yet, however, unconscious of the dan-
gerous source of this new sense of enjoy-
ment, they met without embarrassment.—
The blush that died the cheek of Isabel in
the presence of the stranger, was that of
abstracted pleasure; and the light which
flashed upon his eye at her approach, was
brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing
health of the old blind man whom he had
daily attended to the spring, afforded their
only clue even to passing remark. The
deep interest which his appearance excited
in the bosom of Isabel, conquered the scruples
of vestal reserve, and she frequently
ventured a timid enquiry respecting the
aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless atten-
tions too trifling for description, that come
with a cheering influence over the feeling
heart, like the imperceptible breeze that
stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the at-
tentions which misfortune invariably elicited
from the hand of Isabel—no matter
how narrow her sphere of action. Her
voice, her step, were already known to
the discriminating ear of the old man,
and if his cane was dropped, or a seat
brought, he knew the ready hand that pre-
sented them. He was, however, evidently
and rapidly failing, and at length Isabel
met the interesting stranger no longer.

Three days elapsed, and her attendance
on her friend became a penance. A walk
was proposed, and weary of herself, she
gladly became one of the party. As they
passed within view of the village cemetery
her attention was arrested by a funeral
procession. Their duties were finished and
they were returning; but there was one

who yet lingered, and with folded arms,
yet leaned over the new made grave. Can
it be—yes it was the young stranger—and
Isabel comprehended the melancholy scene.
The party proceeded, and ere their return,
the surrounding landscape was flooded with
the silver light of the full moon.

The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet
more intense by the solemn influence of
the hour, and almost unable to proceed she
leaned on the arm of her friend, whose
health was yet but imperfectly restored,
and fell behind her gayer companions.—
Again her eye was turned towards the last
asylum of humanity—the solitary mourner
had left the spot, and with a faltering step
was slowly returning to the village. Their
paths intersected, and he was already be-
fore her. He bowed, and both were some
moments silent. He at length said, in a
voice of suppressed emotion—"The cause
that brought me hither, is now terminated
in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow.
Permit me then, Miss, even at this moment
of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you
have evinced in the sufferings of my de-
parted father, for the soothing attention
you have paid him. If the cup of affliction
is ever yours, may some spirit gentle as
your own, temper your bitterness; some
being bright and lovely as yourself, hover
around your pillow."

Isabel could not reply; her party now
halted, and she rejoined them.

The young stranger uttered a stifled fare-
well, and striking into another path, dis-
appeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was
pressed to the bosom of her father. If
any thing at this moment could have given
her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she was
anxious to leave a spot that was now ut-
terly devoid of interest. The light adieu of
ceremony were easily concluded, and early
the following morning she was equipped
for departure.

As her father handed her into the car-
riage, he stopped to speak to an acquain-
tance, while a young man, who was pass-
ing at the moment, suddenly paused, and
clasping his hands, exclaimed—"Mr. Court-
ney, my benefactor!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the
astonished Courtney. "I know of no one
who can give me so flattering a title."

"Ah," said the young man, whose coun-
tenance and voice were but too familiar to
the trembling Isabel, "I am then so changed!
I am Alvah Hamilton, the soldier's son,
whom seven years ago you rescued from
poverty."

Mr. Courtney pressed his hand with emo-
tion.

"You mean would have rescued, but for
his intolerable pride."

"Ah, sir, evasion is unnecessary. We
could not mistake the hand that relieved
us. Have you then no interest in hearing
—will you not suffer me to tell you what
has been the effect of your bounty?"

"I shall gladly listen to aught in which
you are concerned," said Mr. Courtney.

"Two days after you left us, my father
was moved to a comfortable dwelling and
I was entered at school. I could yet at-
tend to the personal wants of my father;
and incited to exertion by every claim of
gratitude and duty, I could but progress in
my studies. I was soon a ready penman
and accountant; and a year afterwards
was received into a wealthy mercantile
house as a clerk. My wages enabled me to
make immediate provision for my father,
and they were yearly augmented. And
now, he added, in a subdued tone, since he
is called to receive far higher wealth than
that of earth, my first exertion will be to
discharge the pecuniary part of my ob-
ligation, which has so greatly influenced
my present destiny."

"The obligation you speak of does not
exist," said Mr. Courtney. "An ample
equivalent was at once received in the
pleasure of assisting indigent virtue. Do
not, then, wound my feelings by so unjust
an assertion, but tell me, is your venerable
father no more?"

Alvah briefly sketched the late events,
and Mr. Courtney now shook him warmly
by the hand.

"Farewell," dear Alvah, "my carriage has
been sometime waiting; believe me that I
rejoice in your prosperity, and remember
that you may always command my friend-
ship."

Alvah looked wishfully after him as he
departed; but the form of Isabel was not
visible. She had shrunk back in the car-
riage at his approach, and had thus esca-
ped observation. From her father, who
was himself too much excited to notice
the agitation of his child, she heard a de-
scription of his first knowledge of Alvah
Hamilton. She made no comments, but ev-
ery word was treasured up in her heart;
and though years passed away without a
single effort to recall his memory, every vi-
sion of her fancy, every idea of moral ex-
cellence, in the imagination of Isabel, was
identified with his image. This imperish-
able attachment, however, partook of the
high tone of her mind. It was a deep and
sacred principle—hidden in the recesses of
her heart, and leaving no trace on the sur-
face of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain un-
sought, and Mr. Courtney was astonished
at her decided rejection of repeated and
splendid offers. He expostulated—he en-
treated—he taxed her with perverseness.
She deprecated his anger with serene
gentleness. She anticipated his every wish,
but her firmness remained unshaken. His
attention was at length called to objects of
yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure,
his recklessness of gain, had gradually walled
an estate which, though sufficient for all

the chaster elegancies of life, was inade-
quate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and
those who had shared his substance looked
coldly and carelessly on his wreck, while
the unhappy Courtney, driven to madness,
could scarcely believe the perfidy of the
world he had implicitly trusted.

The family seat was to be publicly sold,
and the fearful day arrived. While it was
yet under the hammer, a new bidder ap-
peared, apparently from a distance; his
horse dripped with sweat, and his counte-
nance was pale and agitated. The property,
as usual in such cases, was going at half its
value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr.
Courtney was still the occupant, and the
new proprietor waited on him immediately.
Isabel had that moment left her father for
some domestic call, and the unfortunate
man was musing on their impending expul-
sion from their residence, when Alvah
Hamilton stood suddenly before him.

"Welcome, most welcome to my heart,
dearest Alvah," he exclaimed; "I can no longer
welcome you to my home. You have
come to witness my removal from all that
was once mine. I am now here only on
sufferance. To-morrow I may have no
shelter for my head."

"Not so," cried Alvah; "you have yet a
shelter; your present home is still yours, and
no earthly power can expel you from it."

"What mean you?" said the astonished
Courtney.

"Fourteen years since," he replied, "you
presented my father a sum that preserved
him from want, and secured my subsequent
wealth. He received it but as a loan, and
that debt has devolved on me. True, you
have disclaimed it; but it was yet uncan-
celled. Reluctant to offend you I delayed
its discharge—though the amount was long
since appropriated, in my imagination, for
that purpose. It has not, however, lain idle.
The profits of the house in which I some
years ago became a partner, have become
considerable. Your little capital has ac-
quired its share, and its amount has this day
redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere
accident, I had seen it advertised, and I lost
no time, in hastening hither, and now," he
added, taking the hand of Mr. Courtney with
a smile, "will you not welcome our Alvah
to your home? It is not long since you
gave me a check on your friendship—I have
come to claim it; and surely you cannot no
longer refuse the title of my benefactor,
when from your bounty I derived not only
wealth, but the unutterable pleasure of this
moment."

Mr. Courtney wept. The thoughtless
man of the world wept at the sacred tri-
umph of virtue. Alvah himself was over-
come by the scene, and paced the floor in
silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly
opposite him, and it now caught his eye.—
Starting back in amazement, he gazed at it
as a lovely phantom. It looked, indeed,
like a thing of life. The blue eye seemed to
beam with expression through its long
dark lashes, and there was surely breath on
the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair
was parted on her white forehead when he
last saw her. Just so its shining ringlets
strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning
to Mr. Courtney, "who is the original of this
picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of his manner,
Mr. Courtney replied—"Have you never
seen her?"

"Seen her! Oh yes; her image has long
been engraven on my heart; but of her
name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Courtney," said the aston-
ished father. "She is my only child."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Alvah, "what
new excitement awaits me!"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion,
Alvah? How, or in what manner have you
known my beloved Isabel?"

Alvah gave a wild and passionate de-
scription of their early and limited acquain-
tance, and the long concealed attachment
of his daughter, was at once revealed to Mr.
Courtney.

"Tell me," said he, taking the throbbing
hand of his friend, "tell me, Alvah, in sacred
faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my
child has awakened a sentiment of tender-
ness."

"Alvah flung himself into his arms.

"Ah, sir, have I not cherished her mem-
ory thro' the long season of utter hopeles-
ness—has not my spirit turned from all the
allurements of the world, to commune with
the recollection of her virtues?"

Mr. Courtney left the room in silence and
returned with the trembling Isabel.

"You are worthy of each other," said he,
and joining their hands, he invoked the
blessings of Heaven on the dearest object of
his heart. He then left them to pour out
his gratitude to Him who had thus redeem-
ed the ever lasting promise, "Cast thy bread
upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after
many days."

Too common.—Stranger.—Have you any
newspapers?

Editor.—Certainly.

Stranger.—You will give me one, I sup-
pose, sir?

Editor.—O yes, sir, (handing him a pa-
per.) Those are fine chickens in your bas-
ket; have you any more of them?

Stranger.—Right smart of them at
home.

Editor.—That's a fine one; you will give
me that I suppose, sir; will you not?

Stranger.—I brought these to market to
sell; I should like to sell you a dozen or so
seventy-five cents.

The above absolutely occurred in our of-
fice, last week, and we doubt not that it is
a lesson not soon to be forgotten.—[State
Sentinel.]

From the Public Ledger.

McLEOD'S TRIAL.

Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer of
Onondaga County.

Mr. Hall continued his remarks on Tues-
day morning, and at the conclusion the
Court adjourned till afternoon, to hear the
Judge's charge.

TUESDAY, 2 o'clock.

As it was known that Judge Gridley
would charge the jury this afternoon, the
Court-house was crowded with anxious
auditors, a large proportion of them being
ladies, who presented an ample display of
beauty and intelligence, many of them be-
ing fair enough to excite one sigh when we
reflected that in all probability we would
never again look on their lovely faces.

At a few minutes after two o'clock Judge
Gridley rose and delivered the following
CHARGE.

Gentlemen of the Jury:

I congratulate you on your at length
arriving at the present stage of this long
protracted trial. After your patience hav-
ing been drawn upon for six days in list-
ening to the trial, and a day and a half in
hearing to the arguments of counsel, you
have at last arrived at that period where
you are called on to discharge the last and
deeply solemn duty which devolves upon
you. I congratulate you, also, upon the
auspicious circumstances under which you
approach the performance of this duty.

We know, it is true, that a deep and
forbid interest is felt in this case through-
out the entire land; we are also aware that
a portion of the public press has from the
commenc